

# RIFLE COMIX

A WRFL - FM PROGRAM GUIDE

WINTER 1989

LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY

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# In Memory of Russell W. Carey 1968-1989

Rifle County is pleased to present this exhibit in memory of Russell W. Carey, a pioneer in the field of environmental education and a dedicated teacher. The exhibit is on display at the Rifle County Museum, 1000 1st St. N., Rifle, CO 81649. For more information, call (303) 848-1234.

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# RIFLE COMIX

## A WRFL PROGRAM GUIDE

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RiFLe Comix is published each semester by WRFL FM, Radio Free Lexington at the University of Kentucky. It is a program guide for the station and a forum for the exploration of topics pertaining to music and all which that implies. The staff invites interested contributors to contact the station at (606) 257-4636.

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Gordon Brown	Paul Meyers	Keith Spears	



## Program Notes From The Desk of WRFL PD Mark Beaty

I guess you call it distillation. That's when you take a big vat full of ideas, hopes, and dreams and heat 'em up as hot as you've got fire to get em'. Some of what boils off turns up clear and pure and useful. Some of it goes right down the shitter.

I've been in this chair for nearly two years trying to help UK and Lexington create a decent radio alternative. It has been a gloriously frustrating task. Within the limits allowed us by constraints of time, money, energy and the US Appellate Court, WRFL has accomplished much of what our original group planned for this station.

We broadcast 24 hours a day. Every day. Not many college stations do that. Over breaks, over summer, over Christmas, 365 days a year-- and that is a precedent that will stick with this station. Whatever WRFL ends up broadcasting in future years I believe that it will be broadcasting all the time.

I truly hope that this station continues to offer the diversity of musical style and substance favored by the current staff. To do less would be in some sense tragic since the real strength of WRFL derives from the breadth of the audience we serve and the greater breadth of the audience we could potentially reach. These decisions, however, are not mine to make.

The last major thing I have to offer as Program Director of this radio station is the WRFL program schedule for Spring 1989. I feel completely comfortable in saying that this schedule is the strongest WRFL has offered at any time since going on-the-air last year.

The distillation has worked. Check out the programs which have lasted. They're good. Damn good. That's because they have to be to survive in an environment where people are encouraged to bring their creative

ideas to the forefront and put them in practice, testing them against those incumbent not in fear of humiliation, but rather in hope of success.

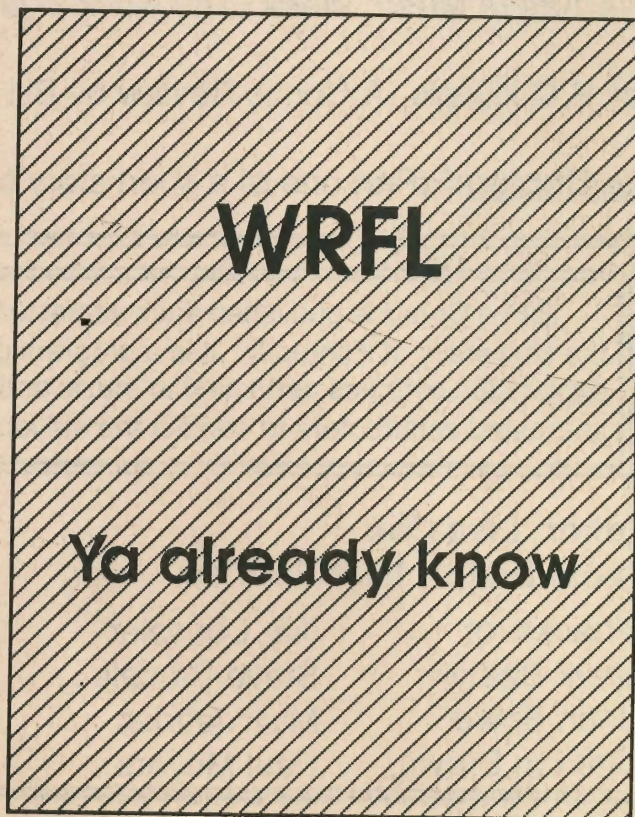
We have some new programs this semester hoping for such success.

Check out the new Alternative Country program "White Lightnin'" Sundays at noon or the brand new version of psychadelia WRFL style late Friday night with "Inner Current". Old favorites will have a new flavor to them, especially the solid Tuesday night lineup of "Zion Train" and "Fresh Test". Check it out.

Next time you read this column it will be someone else's byline. That's progress. I hope I'll still be talkin' to you on the radio some. That remains to be seen.

As Program Director at WRFL, I wanted to lay a foundation where change and diversity were not only possible but encouraged. I also wanted to air some good programs. That was all. I hope we have succeeded.

Mark





# It's aLIVE

Sonic Youth  
DieKreuzen  
Laughing Hyenas  
The Newport  
Halloween 1988

Nice town, Columbus.

The Newport is pretty nice too. It's sorta what I would expect the Kentucky Theater to look like if they would have turned it into a Bogarts franchise like everybody was saying.

Die Kreuzen threw in a pretty major way. (One point with which some of my colleagues would disagree). They are one of a handful of bands that can go for the straight ahead rock approach and totally pull it off. One thing I like about them is they get that really light sonic dope haze effect.

Sonic Youth was about a zillion times better than I expected. I still haven't heard the new record, so I don't know any of the song titles, but their set was impressive enough that I at least planned on listening to it after I got back. I guess people could be pissed because a lot of the tunes were in the exact same groove as Sister and Evol, redundancy being the charge. The Youth just get on this oceanic tip much of the time, and I get into that.

**-Rob Olson**



Photo by Jack Smith

Lee Ranaldo, Kim Gordon, and Steve Shelley of Sonic Youth

## Oingo Boingo Bogarts November 1988

It was anything other than a dead man's party when Oingo Boingo took the stage at Bogart's in November. Lead singer Danny Elfman and the Boingos showed that they were alive and well and still able to deliver the same kind of emotion you would expect in concert when hearing some of their best records. Oingo Boingo had never played in Cincinnati before, or for that matter anywhere in the region, to my knowledge. That hardly seemed possible, however, from the response of the sellout crowd.

The band opened the show with the now infamous "Dead Man's Party" from the movie "Back To School. Elfman moved little, only making an evil grin as he

sang. The band then moved directly into "Home Again" off of their album from '87.

Choosing material from all six of their albums, Oingo Boingo performed an eclectic set. The band smartly chose not to rely heavily on any one album of theirs, but instead played the best from each of their albums. This satisfied everyone in the crowd and kept the show interesting.

As the set progressed, Elfman seemed to loosen up more. He showed a tremendous sense of humor for the songs he sang, even though some have serious political or social overtones such as "Nothing to Fear" and "Who Do You Want to Be?".

A particularly funny moment was when a computerized bass program messed up during the song "Gray Matter". Elfman joked about it and said things always mess up like that when they play a town for



## CONTINUED

the first time. They fixed the problem, however, and proceeded to play an incredibly powerful version of the song.

The band was incredibly tight and delivered every song with force and emotion. Guitarist Steve Barteles played with a great degree of merit and Drummer John Vatos proved his role was essential to the Oingo Boingo sound. His drumwork was outstanding and close to perfection during his theme song "Cry of the Vatos".

Danny Elfman proceeded to become more active until the end of the set when he would not hold still.

The band returned for several encores because the Cincinnati crowd would not let them leave. Elfman worked at satisfying the crowd by playing requests shouted out from the crowd.

As an eight piece ensemble, Oingo Boingo worked together to make some of the best techno funk dance and hard rock music one band can make. At sixteen dollars a head, with no opening act, The crowd at Bogart's was demanding a fantastic show. I assume the audience left thinking of a lyric from one of Oingo Boingo's songs; "Don't, don't you go". "Won't you stay?"

**- Steve Daniels**



Photo by Keith Spears III

**Kurt Brecht, Spike Cassidy, and Josh Pappe of D.R.I.**

## **D.R.I.** **November 9** **Babylon Babylon**

D.R.I. was sensational. They were a lot more than I expected from this speed metal band. Playing non stop for about two hours, they did not neglect to play any of their best songs such as "I Don't Need Society", "Crossover",

and "Slumlord Doesn't Care". They often would combine five songs and play then straight through without pausing once. Their last song lasted twenty minutes long. These guys knew their stuff. Only about thirty people showed up, although they are used to packing Bogart's, but that didn't stop them from having fun. A lot of slam dancing and stage diving went on.

**- Keith Spears**

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I MEAN, IT'S A DREAM DATE - NEWPORT THEATRE, COLUMBUS, OH - MON OCT 31 - HALLOWEEN!  
 LAUGHING HYENAS, DIE KREUZEN, + SONIC YOUTH. TA! S' WHAT HAPPENS. AFTER A DELAY, ANN  
 ARBOR'S **LAUGHING HYENAS** HIT A STAGE LINED W/ WICKED JACK-O-LANTERNS (CARVED BY THE HYENAS  
 ON THE WAY TO THE SHOW). BLASTIN' INTO AN AMAZING SET OF HEAD-WRENCHIN', HEART-RENDIN',  
**HELL-BOUND MONSTER-BLUES**, WRITHIN' + SHOUTIN' AS ONE GREAT HOLY-ROLLIN' SWAMP-BOOGER,  
**JOHN BRANNON** (VOX, TRUMPET), **KEVIN STRICKLAND** (BS), **LARISSA STRICKLAND** (GTR) + **JIM**  
**KIMBALL** (DRMS) HOWLED + THUNDERED THROUGH THE SMOKE-BOMB MIASMA ONE SOUL-SCOURGIN',  
 PILED RIVIN' INCANTATION O' **RELENTLESS HOOODOO POWER** AFTER ANOTHER!! YEH, BUT...!  
 THE SEEMINGLY UNAPPRECIATIVE MNGMNT. TRIED TO GIVE THE HYENAS THE **BUM'S RUSH!**  
 IRKED + INSPIRED BY THESE **NEGATIVE ATTITUDES**, THE HYENAS GAVE **NO SURRENDER**, SLITHERING  
 INTO THE OOZE-RAVE MASTERWORK "**PLAYGROUND**", AND AS THE INFIDELS SEETHED IN IMPOTENCE,  
 SCREAMIN' MOJO-KING **JOHN** SNARLED + SPAKE IN **BRUTAL TONGUES** N' **SMASHED**  
 THE BLAZIN' PUNKINHEADS IN A **FURIOUS FRENZY O' SPIRITUAL GUT BLOW-OUT!!!**



EVERYTHING AFTER THAT SEEMED  
 SOMEWHAT ANTICLIMACTIC...



# Richard Hell's Homeboys

The latest scoop in Local Music

## New Albums on the Local Scene

**The Resurrected Bloated Floaters** came out with their first album last October. Out on their self formed record label, Resurrected Records, their self titled album has been quite a success. Many of the songs on the album are songs the local crowds have loved since The Floaters started playing live. The rest are new songs that you can now hear live as well. Anyone who has seen the band live knows, if you don't leave a Floaters concert drenched with sweat, you must have shown up at 1 am.

**Nine Pound Hammer** also has a new album released in December. This album definitely captures the essence of the bands roaring cow punk. It also includes live faves like "Crawdaddy", "Redneck Romance", and many others. If you like fast moving, hard

rocking country punk, then be sure and check out this album. It's called *The Mud, the Blood and the Beers* and is out on Wanghead Records.

## Club Scene

Babylon made it's last stand in December before shutting down for good. The last show featured **Skullhead** with special guests. Goodbye to Babylon Babylon. We'll miss you.

The Bottom Line also left Lexington in September. It is however rumoured that the club may pop up in another location.

After losing two clubs, we gained a new one on the sight of the old Bottom Line. The Wrocklage is Lexington's newest club. The Wrocklage started out early with fine acts such as **Let's Active** and **Dreams So Real**. The club has now been around for around two months.

WRFL would like to thank the Two Keys Tavern and Babylon Babylon for their help with Alternative Music Week in September. Their generous participation and cooperation made the event possible.

## Other News

Congrats to **Paul K. and the Weathermen** on winning a contest they never entered. The band placed in the top ten in College Music Journal's search for the Top Ten Unsigned bands in America. It is believed that the band sent their *Patriots* LP to be reviewed

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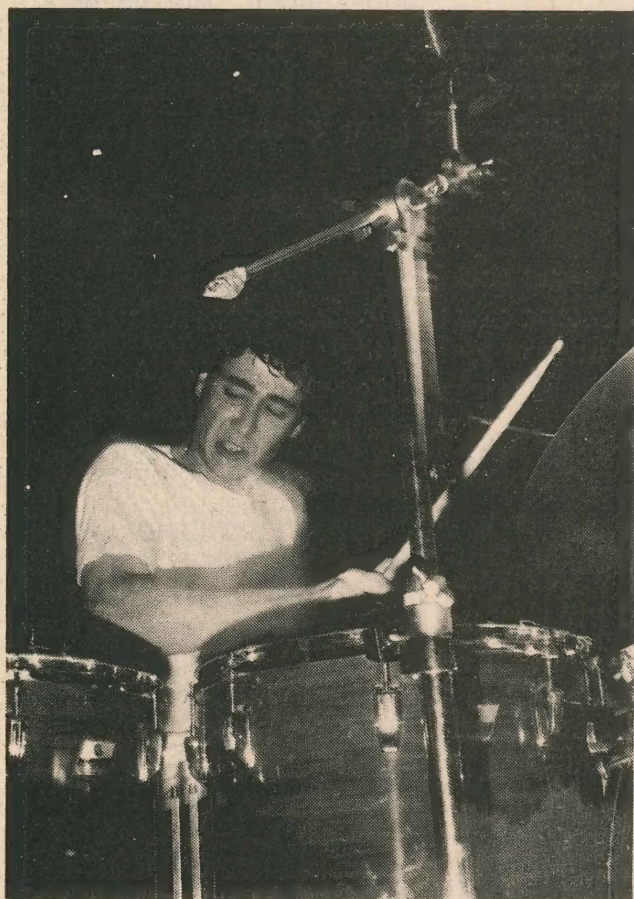
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in the journal's review column. A mixup must have ensued with the album being entered in the contest instead of being reviewed. During College Music Journal's Convention in October, The Weathermen closed out a show with Christmas, and The Chills at the bar famous as a sort of birthplace of Punk in New York, CBGB's. Their song, "My Knife", can be found on the journal's compilation album featuring songs of the winner's of the contest. The album is out on RCA.

**Edison's Revenge** fans must have noticed that the band has been out of commission for awhile. The band is in the midst of making several changes. First they are making a lineup change. They will be getting a new



**Tim Welch of Paul K. and the Weathermen**

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drummer soon, the most likely candidate coming from Tennessee. They are also changing the direction of their music to a more folk rock oriented sound. Expect to hear from them again in February.

On Saturday, February 11, The Freedom III Concert will take place at Memorial Hall at 7 pm. Participants will be **Reel World**, **David Gierlach**, and host of WRFL's Blue Yodel Radiotime Cafe, **Ephraim McDowell and the Lost Egyptian Trio**. Proceeds will go to Solomon Mahlangu Freedom College in Tanzania which serves refugees of Apartheid. A five dollar donation is requested at the door.

**The Lemonade Hayride** out of La Grange, in 1988 recorded a demo tape in the Drive in Studios with Mitch Easter producing. The demo is not available commercially but may be released by a foreign label as an E.P. The band also has a new member. Johnny Johnson, formerly of the Jeeters has joined the ranks of the Hayride. Good luck to the band.



# CAMPER VAN BEETHOVEN

## An Interview with David Lowery

By Jamie Tittle and Gordon Brown

**Jamie Tittle:** This is WRFL's Roving Reporters T.J. Slothrop and Pirate Prentice, and we're here with Camper Van Beethoven's David Lowery, Lead Singer and Guitarist. Well Dave, just say Hi.

**David Lowery:** Hi. Why did you name yourselves after characters in Thomas Pynchon novels?

**Tittle:** That's a good question.

**Lowery:** Do you actually have this continuing nightmare about this giant - what was it? Pirate Prentice had to live out the daydream about the guy who had to go and keep putting the cocaine on the giant adenoids that were trying to eat London. He'd have to go out and negotiate everyday with a briefcase of cocaine for the adenoids.

**Brown:** Yes, we read the liner notes on the back of II & III that said in one of the songs T. Slothrop plays harmonica. We were wondering whether he had actually been able to retrieve it in the sewer pipes.

**Tittle:** I had just finished read-

ing Gravity's Rainbow, in case you're wondering what we're talking about. So I take it you're into Thomas Pynchon and that Dada writing. Have you read V?

**Lowery:** Yes, I've read all of his books.

**Tittle:** While we're on the subject of liner notes stuff, which half of the pantomime horse are you?

**Lowery:** It varies, really. Wait, was that what I was? Yeah, actually it varies. For awhile there, we had two backs, so it was pretty weird.

**Tittle:** Moving Along, that liner note was on - Camper Van - eponymous, not to be confused with R.E.M.'s *Eponymous* album.

**Tittle:** On that album, you played a song by Paul Mackinney.

**Brown:** I've heard the name before, and "Lulu Land", the song. Is Paul Mackinney a real person?

**Lowery:** Yes, he is a totally

real person. He is from San Francisco and he was just this guy who played electric guitar and played these really twisted sort of - he's kind of like a Harvey Pekar. He's really eccentric and kind of gruff and mean. He actually works for us. Yeah, he's our bookkeeper. But he was a singer for awhile. He did an album called "Clouds Are My Friends". I think that's what it was called and it was all these kind of really sick songs. Actually He's got a new song that he wants us to do. I've heard it. It's actually pretty good but it's kind of sick.

**Tittle:** How old was that? When did he put it out?

**Brown:** "Lulu Land" was in '68.

**Lowery:** Yeah, something like that - This one's a new one though.

**Tittle:** So he's like a figure on the scene.

**Lowery:** I guess so - I don't know if he was some kind of hipster, or just someone really eccentric. He's more just like



## CONTINUED

an eccentric guy. He wasn't like part of that Psychedelic scene. Just eccentric, sort of old.

**Title:** On the new album, how did it come about you jumping from Independent Project Records to Virgin?

**Lowery:** We went from Independent Project records to our own label to Virgin label. We went around and we toured a lot and we kind of developed a cult following, a pretty sizeable cult following. Eventually it just seemed right for us to go to a major label. Well, you know, like any band you make records so that you can sell them. That's obviously not your only goal, you've got to play music that you like and stuff like that. Independent record labels, they just have a hard time putting their records in a lot of stores. So we were just finding that people knew about us in big cities and that was kind of it. We just wanted to reach as many people as possible and let those people make a decision about whether they wanted to listen to us or not. So we just started checking it out to see if we could get a deal where we had all the artistic control we needed and stuff like that. We didn't really ask for much money or anything. The less money you ask for, the more money you

eventually make.

**Brown:** Anyone who is interested in all these finances can read "Musician" that had all the band's finances drawn out.

**Lowery:** It wasn't really right, though I won't go into that now, but that wasn't right, that was not accurate at all.

**Title:** Let's go onto something else.

**Brown:** How about Camper Van Chadbourne?

**Lowery:** Well we played with Eugene Chadbourne from time to time, like when we'd be out touring and stuff! We'd run into Eugene Chadbourne at clubs. I don't know we just kind of got into this thing where we'd play a couple songs together and stuff and finally we decided we'd record a song together and put it on a record. We were going to put Interstellar Overdrive on his record, then he never got around to it, so we recorded it and had him play guitar on it and put it on our record. Then he got the idea that we should do a Camper Van Chadbourne album all together, which was pretty fun. Then also we've done another one with him also.

**Brown:** Another one?

**Lowery:** Yeah, I forget what it's called. It doesn't have the

same name. Not everybody's on it. It's like The Eddie something Love Muffin Trio. Who knows, I don't know what it is. Ask Victor about that, he remembers the title.

**Title:** Ok, Let's see. Other stuff that you have done. You just produced the Catheads Submarine album. How did that go?

**Lowery:** That was pretty good.

**Title:** Are they old buddies?

**Lowery:** Well they started getting popular in San Francisco, the same time we started getting popular in San Francisco so we played shows together. Yeah they're good friends. They needed a producer for their record. Enigma wanted them to have a producer. I was just interested in doing it because I like their songs. It's nothing like doing a Camper record because I spend a lot more time on a Camper record, and we get bigger budgets and stuff like that. But it's just a real straight forward kinda rock thing. There were a few weird things we did on that album.

**Title:** A song called "Grass".

**Lowery:** Oh yeah, "Green Grass - " Wait what was it? "Tall Green Grass". I never remember titles of things.

**Brown:** How did Sonic Youth



## CONTINUED

react to the kind of countrified version of "I Love Her All The Time"?

**Lowery:** Well they said that we needed to make it more droney. You guys really did it droney. Gosh, it was all right. They thought it was pretty funny.

**Brown:** On the subject of droning, well basically on all your albums there seems to be this really up beat feel to lyrics and a positive outlook on life. In the midst of all these other bands, and people who tend to be obsessed with their own misery and just wandering around and life's no good. Is it hard to write upbeat lyrics?

**Lowery:** No, not really. You see I don't think our lyrics are that upbeat in a way. I just think we kind of have just barely the other side of the coin is really all it is.

**Title:** I mean look at "Life Is Grand".

**Lowery:** But there's a lot of things we talk about the cynicism of. Everyday modern living - sort of. I mean, I think we're just barely on the other side of the coin if you ask me. It's just too simple or too facile. It just seems so defeating and immature and young, way too young to always focus on the gloomy aspects of life. I think

life's kind of humorous, like sort of bizarrely humorous. I think it is and our songs kind of end up on that side of the coin.

**Brown:** Do you think it might have something to do with, it seems to me, there are a lot more negative words in the English language to use to write lyrics. I mean, it's hard to say I'm really happy more than one or two ways.

**Lowery:** But I don't know if our songs are really about being happy. Well, maybe it does have to do with that. No, this is what it has to do with. Our songs are like that cause if you think about it, people break up their lives into good things that happen to them and bad things that happen to them. This made me sad, this made me happy, this made me uncomfortable, and this made me feel good. Good, bad, good, bad. And it's really not that way at all. I think that's a really weird way to divide up all the things that happen to you in your life. There's really only two kinds of things that happen to you. Mundane things that aren't worth repeating and then bizarre things that happen to you. And those are the things that you tell stories about and like it's important to talk about. Obviously, we don't want to sing songs about mundane things. So we end up singing songs about bizarre things. Most people, that's what they are trying to sing about, but

then they couch it in, well this is a good thing and then they try to sing it one way, or this is a bad thing. It's like we're trying to take it pure.

**Brown:** Change the whole dichotomy and make it bizarre and mundane instead of good and bad.

**Lowery:** Yeah, weird and mundane.

**Title:** What was the last weird, bizarre thing that happened to you?

**Lowery:** God, I never can remember the most recent things and people always ask us stuff like this. Well, I do remember one thing that we were talking about the other night. Actually, last night we were talking and we were telling weird band stories of things that happened to us at clubs and what was the strangest thing. I remember one time in San Francisco, we were loading our equipment out from this club and this police car just screeched to a halt right in front of the club where we were kinda loading out our equipment. The cop on the passenger's side rolled down the window really slowly and turned and looked at us. They did not say anything, they just stopped right in front of us. He turned and looked at us and he was wearing bug eyeglasses and they just like stared at us, man. They just totally intimidated us. Then



## CONTINUED

they drove off as fast as they could. It was like; did we imagine that? So, there's a good weird thing that is one of the things we remember.

**Title:** Where did the name Camper Van Beethoven come from?

**Lowery:** David McDaniels, he was one of the founders of the band. Me and David McDaniels and Victor founded this band a long time ago. We didn't really have a name at first. He had sort of a string of names; a whole series of different names. The best of them all was Camper Van Beethoven, so we picked that one.

**Brown:** So has life on the road changed any as your stature has grown?

**Lowery:** We have an extra person working for us. We can afford to have an extra person. So I don't have to be down there patching up the wires and stuff.

**Title:** You don't run your own sound anymore?

**Lowery:** Well, we always had a sound man but in the beginning we didn't have a good sound man. It's a little different. We stay in hotels now instead of sleeping on couches. I don't know, it's been so gradual for us. Like

when we played in New York we'd get 300 or 400 people, now we can get like 1500 people. It's bigger but it's not like we're doing rock concerts or anything like that. That's still a lot of people in a way but it's still kind of playing bars and small halls and people don't recognize us very often so we don't have much to worry about. Occasionally someone gets ahold of my home phone number. That's about all.

**Title:** Since you've signed with Virgin, do you all feel any need to just play your new songs or are you into playing "Where the Hell is Bill?" still, or "Take the Skinheads Bowling"?

**Lowery:** We play a pretty good selection. Of all of our records. We always tend to play the new record more than the other ones. Also, we kinda feel like the new record has more songs on it that we would like to play that sound good live. We feel that we have developed so we naturally play more of the new record but we play two, three, or four songs off of each record every night.

**Title:** You recorded like a whole bunch of songs then picked out a certain amount for the album. We just got a copy of "Turquoise Jewelry" and it has three extra songs on it. About how many songs would you say you record

before you have something to pick out of?

**Lowery:** That's how I like to do it. I'm not sure if we're gonna do the next one that way. That's kind of what we've done in the past. Actually, on the first two records, we put out almost everything except for one or two songs left over. Then when we got to the third record and this record. We started paring things more and saving stuff up. I think we'll probably keep doing that. For this last record, we recorded about twenty songs.

**Title:** So there are a lot of others to release?

**Lowery:** Yeah, but they might be crap. Maybe, they might show up one day. But see, we put out three songs, two were covers on that thing. So they don't really count. There are still like three or four originals floating around from the last record.

**Title:** Did you go in the studio and then record those things and work on them, you know, each one of the ones you threw away?

**Lowery:** Yeah, you could really tell. It's like this one is really developing and this one, well, we'll save this for next time. I don't know what to do with this song. Some of them we worked on kind of hard, actually.



## CONTINUED

**Title:** One of the songs off of the latest album "Eye of Fatima", what is an eye of Fatima?

**Lowery:** It's the hand with the eye in the middle of it that wards off evil spirits. Evil Eye. It's from Egypt. She was the wife or mother of Mohammed. I don't remember which.

**Brown:** How does it feel to watch MTV and see your face on television?

**Lowery:** I don't know. I thought it would be weird, but it really hasn't been that weird. But I never watch MTV. MTV's kind of like on this box in your living room so it doesn't seem that weird.

**Title:** Did you enjoy making the video? It's a pretty cool one.

**Lowery:** Yeah, you should see the new one. It debuts tonight on 120 Minutes.

**Title:** I really liked the one for "Good Guys and Bad Guys". That was a landmark. Who is your favorite in the presidential election?

**Lowery:** Who's my favorite?

**Title:** Least favorite.

**Lowery:** Least favorite. That's probably more like it. I don't want to seem totally

cynical but of course I don't like Bush. Of course, I don't like him at all. I have my problems with Dukakis, but I'm gonna vote for him.

**Brown:** Someone said last night on Saturday Night Live that he looked like a taffy lollipop, like a little stick with a big head.

**Lowery:** Who? Bush?

**Brown:** No, Dukakis.

**Lowery:** Kind of. I really just don't want Bush to be in there because I've read too much about the C.I.A. and Bush's involvement and other people's involvement, going all the way back to Watergate for me to be really comfortable with that guy being in power.

**Brown:** Our music director told us that if Bush were elected that people like me would be sent to camps.

**Title:** And he was happy because he'd never been to camp.

**Title:** What's that song on the third album. The one about going out into the desert, "History of Utah"? Did you really know a guy who did that?

**Lowery:** Yeah, and I wish I could tell you who it was.

**Title:** Your lyrics seem to have a lot of desert imagery. Is

that a real big thing? I mean do ya'll just go out in the desert and freak out, or what?

**Lowery:** I grew up in Red Lands, which is a fairly arid part of Southern California. It's been referred to as the desert. It's not really the desert. But yeah, I used to go out there all the time. It was like 20 miles away. You go on the other side of the hills and it's desert. Yeah, I went to the desert. I like the desert a lot. I guess there's desert imagery in there. I just traveled around a lot when I was a kid.

**Title:** So you weren't from San Francisco? How did you gravitate up there?

**Lowery:** Well, we're actually from Santa Cruz, we're not from San Francisco. It's about 80 miles away. But that's alright, you didn't offend us.

**Title:** So it's not in Southern California?

**Lowery:** No, it's not in Southern California. All my friends were living up there, the friends I knew from high school and stuff. People I knew just kept moving there for some reason to go to school. We ended up moving there because I was gonna finish my degree.

**Title:** In what?

**Lowery:** In mathematics. So this band was sort of a side-



# Alternative Music Week



Photo By Mick Jeffries

**Barbara Ann and Vince Emmett of Shaking Family**

**Shaking Family** Kicked off Alternative Music Week at Two Keys Tavern on September 19. **Ten Foot Pole** opened up with their club debut. They played some mean funk music and got everyone in great spirits for Shaking Family. Shaking Family got everyone ready for four more days of hot live music.

The **Tar Babies** blew the crowd away at Babylon Babylon's reopening after being closed for about a month. **I.C.P.** and **Bored and Dangerous** made it a triple bill worth seeing. The Tar Babies played their jazz/funk/core to a very large and very

eager crowd. Then the cops came. In the middle of "Vices" the music stopped. The police came bearing complaints of too much noise coming from the club. Fans were angered and disappointed. The Tar Babies played no more that evening.

Wednesday featured a show in the U.K. Ballroom cosponsored with the S.A.B. Concert Committee. Local favorites and now nationally known **Stealin Horses** returned to Lexington with the **City Slickers** opening up. Stealin Horses received a warm welcome on their second big show in Lexington since making the national charts.



Photo By Mick Jeffries

**Bucky Pope, lead singer and guitarist for Tar Babies**



	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY
2am to 6am	Byl Hensley	Mary Burt	Butch
6am to 8am	Jody Hampton	Holly Austen	Nicolle Fedor
8am to 11am	John Sloan	Dan McBrayer	Brian Sosby
11am to 2pm	Steve Daniels <b>Knitting Factory</b>	Jim Owens	Phillip Francis
2pm to 5pm	Ayser Salman	Phil Tackett	Shawn McCarney
5pm to 8pm 7145	Tom Flanigan	Jack Smith	Carrie Tipton
8pm to 11pm	<b>PACIFICA RADIO NEWS</b>		
	Jim Shambhu	Scott Lakes & Nancy Haney <u>Zion Train</u>	Mark Beaty
11pm to 2am	Matt Dacey  <i>Matt's Metal Mortuary</i>	Rob Olson & Patrick Morton  <i>Fresh Test</i>	Bill Widener  <i>Catacombs</i>



THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
David Skidmore	Matt Earley	Tim Welch & Rob Olson	Ray Williams
Susie Quinn	Bob Layton	Deb Taylor	Tanya and Amy "the Dynamic Duo"
Zale Schoenborn	Jean Urch	Donna Thorndale	Christian Rock
Paul Meyers	Chuck Moore	Ephraim McDowell	Mike Reid
Jazz	<i>The Hammer Party</i>	Blue Yodel	Steve Holland White Lightnin'
Rachel Peretz	Lisa Cox	Scott Ward  Happy Hour Blues	Hazel Plummer <i>Jazz and Blues</i>
Wyn Morris	Amy and Diane Local Music	Brian and Michelle  <u>Beat Bash</u>	Mike Lynch
PACIFICA RADIO NEWS		Mick Jeffries  with Speak no Evil	Jamie Tittle
Kakie Urch	Jack Kirk	Matt Wise	Heather Kennedy
Angel	Tom McMurdo	Technical Difficulties at Midnight	Album Feature
Hard Left	Inner Current		



## CONTINUED

line. Yeah, but Victor was going to school too. So was Chris Molla. Chris said, well, let's just transfer up there and we'll just have a band so we said yeah, O.K. So we went back up there. I had lived up there before actually and kind of moved back and then moved back again. So that's where we've been ever since.

**Tittle:** Is there a pretty cool scene in San Francisco?

**Lowery:** Yeah, it's kind of quiet right now, it's gotten really quiet in San Francisco these days.

**Tittle:** Would it be a bad idea to ask about any new hot bands since it's quiet?

**Lowery:** In San Francisco? I like Donner Party, they've been around awhile.

**Brown:** Well, is it necessarily a bad thing to look like Grace Slick?

**Lowery:** Um, no it isn't! See, that's the thing, people always think I'm making fun of things when I'm not. I'm not really kind of putting people down, I'm just like... it's just so weird, like people always thought...

**Brown:** The way she looks now would be bad.

**Lowery:** Yeah, yeah, the way she looks now, but yea it was

kind of bad in a way, but I really don't care. I wasn't meaning to put her down or anything like that, I really don't care. Who am I to comment on this stuff, but, you know songs like "Wasted", we did songs like "Wasted" and everybody's going, Oh that's a parody of the Black Flag song you did. It's no parody it's like a sublime tribute, that's what it is. It's a sublime tribute. And you know, it like parodies of ethnic music and stuff. People always think we're kind of meaner, or something, than we are. The music that we parody.

**Tittle:** Kinda, not frightening but disquieting. I forgot what the song title is on the third album, the eponymous album, the one where the guy's driving with the girl and she's saying she's going to hold him responsible for this, she's pregnant.

**Lowery:** Oh yeah, that's Victor, that's Victor's song. See, you hold him responsible for that one. No, no, that's just drug paranoia logic turned into a song.

**Brown:** That's cool, I like it. I do the psychedelic show. At times I play a lot of it. I like the backwards things.

**Lowery:** Yeah, I like listening to our stuff backwards. We haven't any songs lately that sound good backwards. We

had the first record, like all of them sounded good backwards.

**Tittle:** Well, I'm sure "She Divines Water", you all went pretty crazy on that one.

**Lowery:** Yeah, I really haven't checked that one out. I've only checked about half, we were half way through the record when I kind of played things backwards to check it out. That "Waka" and stuff already on "She Divines Water" and organ cords that go "Rheee."

**Tittle:** Yea, you put in a lot of different songs...

**Brown:** "Waka" came from another different song that you played backwards? I think I read that somewhere.

**Lowery:** Not "Waka", but a lot of other songs.

**Brown:** What's a surprise truck?

**Lowery:** Oh it's one of these trucks that say like, Party of God that Suicide Commandos drive into the barracks in Lebanon and stuff like that.

**Brown:** Like a Trojan Horse?

**Lowery:** Surprise truck, yea.

**Tittle:** Your pantomime Trojan Horse.

# The End





Photo by Mick Jeffries

### David Ellison and Harold Chichester of the Royal Crescent Mob

The final night of Alternative Music Week took place on Friday September 21 at the Two Keys Tavern. It was wall to wall people. People from all over flocked to see **Paul K. and the Weathermen**, and the **Royal Crescent Mob**. For the Mob, Alternative Music Week was not a new experience. They had headlined the first year at Haggin Field. As expected, everyone had a marvelous, if not sweaty time.

The fourth night of Alternative Music Week featured another incredible triple bill at Babylon Babylon. **Alice Donut** started off with lots of great fast paved music and lots of fun. Plus an extra treat from beneath the lead singer's coat. **Hetch Hetchy** came next and lulled the crowd into contentment. **Tiny Lights** finished the show with another great showing. Noone thought they could top their show from the past summer, but they did. From the front row, as far back as the eye could see was a sea of bobbing heads.



Photo by Mick Jeffries

### Members of Alice Donut

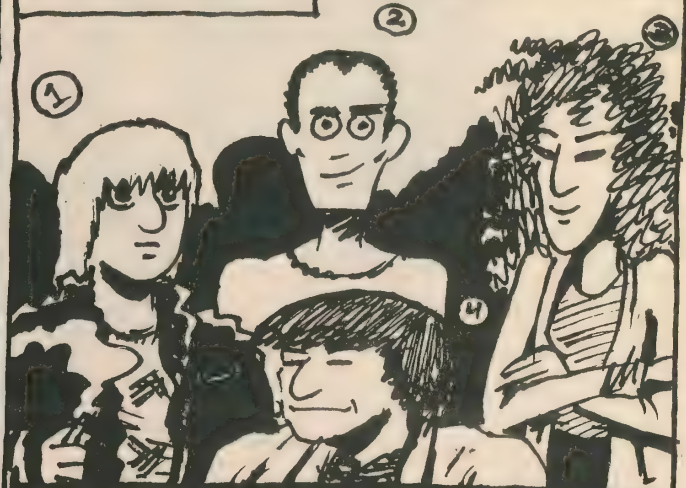


# LIVE! SAT. NOV 5! BABYLON BABYLON!

THEY SOUND LIKE THIS...

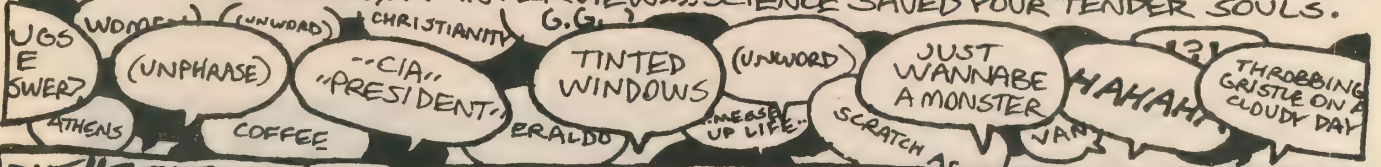


BUT THEY ACTUALLY LOOK MORE LIKE THIS...



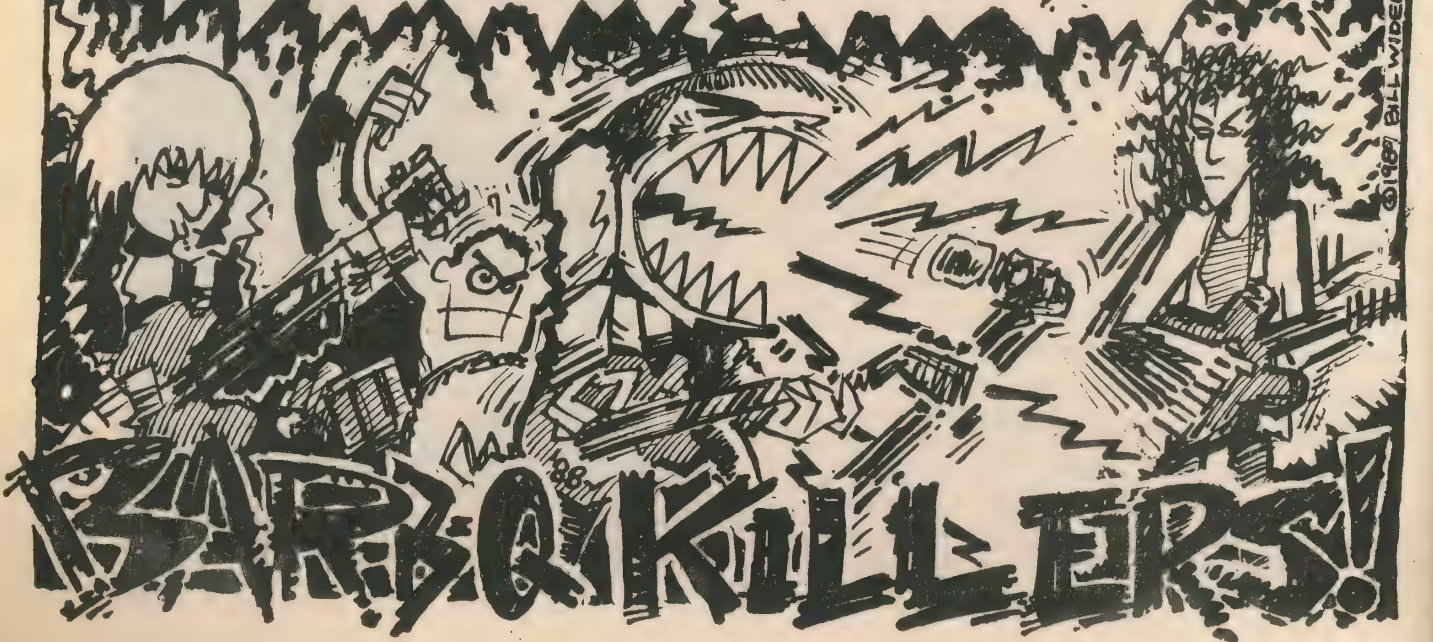
1. DREW - BASS. 2. ART - DRUMS.  
3. CLAIRE - GTR. 4. LAURA - VOX, GTR.

BEFORE THE SHOW, AN INTERVIEW... SCIENCE SAVED YOUR TENDER SOULS.



BUT "SCIENCE DOES NOT REMOVE THE TERROR OF THE GODS!"

## REVENGE 'N' HATE 'N' ALL THAT # @ \$ T'NIGHT!



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# THE UNBRAND

## A Short Story By Wes Miller

"Jesus Christ."

Bright light from the hall spilled into the dusty storeroom, exposing a multitude of dilapidated cardboard boxes, discarded furniture, and a viscous shroud of dust that swirled around the room like the snow inside a glass Christmas ball.

"Jesus Christ," Steve repeated, looking around the business storeroom in wonder. Strands of spider-woven silk had wound themselves around the clutter, and they stirred in the unaccustomed breeze. The room was dominated by a dark shape that would transform itself into a desk once a light was switched on. The desk was heaped with papers, broken office equipment, old trade magazines, and a variety of junk that was good for nothing but an incinerator. Geoff saw little clear floor space; apparently the business staff had been using this room as a giant dumpster for the past year.

Great. None of the business staff had volunteered for the clean-up detail. Just wait till the next staff meeting.

Geoff stared silently at what lay ahead of him, an entire weekend of cleaning a

year's worth of forgotten trash out of a neglected storage area before the city fire marshal put the clamps on his radio station.

"How in the hell could all this garbage pile up in just one year?" asked Steve, still agog over the mountains of rubbish in front of him. Geoff did not answer him, but instead bent down and picked up a ruined piece of paper lying at his feet. It was an old advertising flyer, and it read:

### WARP-FM KICKOFF WEEKEND

Friday, Dec. 6: FLYING  
SPITTLE & BRICK LOLLI-  
POP

Saturday, Dec. 7: TAX  
DODGE & ONE MAN'S  
HEAVEN

Sunday, Dec. 8: SHARK  
CHUM & DUMB QUIXOTE

Celebrate the arrival of student-run radio by blowing the weekend with the jocks of WARP-FM (99.9).

ADMISSION: One measly  
dollar

After all, this is YOUR radio station, too)

The flyer brought back

pleasant memories for Geoff, who had been one of those who had originally fought for the existence of the station. As the first fund-raising director, Geoff had spent months calling dozens of businesses, trying to convince them of the advantages of sponsoring a non-commercial college radio station. Most of the time he was politely turned down, but dogged persistence had finally led to him and his staff raising the 20,000-odd dollars needed to turn the idea into a reality.

At times it seemed to Geoff that he had had more fun while fundraising than he was having running the ol' station. At least a year ago there wasn't all this crap in front of him that needed to be cleaned up.

"When are Jana and Pete gonna get here?" asked Steve, his foot shifting a mildewed clump of papers that had fallen off a nearby desk. Steve was a tall, skinny guy who always wore blue jeans and the same denim jacket every day. He wore his hair in no particular style down past his ears; apparently Steve didn't feel like fighting gravity for control of the way it looked. He had a thin face that was dominated by the biggest



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nose that Geoff had ever seen in his life. The running joke at the station was that Steve was the only disc jockey at WARP that could play a record without the needle. Looks didn't matter, though; Steve was one of the best general format jocks he had.

Steve turned to look at Geoff. "There ain't no way we can do all this by ourselves," he said, hoping for a confirmation.

"They'll be here, don't sweat it," Geoff muttered as he turned back toward the hall. "I'm gonna get the flashlight out of the tool case.

"Don't get lost in your work while I'm gone," Geoff shouted behind him as he walked down the hall, back into the business office. The tool case sat on the official WARPed couch, a godawful piece of sagging upholstery that was sprouting a great deal of yellowed stuffing, not to mention a couple of strategically-located springs. Geoff grabbed the flashlight and returned to the storeroom. Steve was still standing a foot inside the door, his eyes following an intricate web pattern that reflected the light from the hall so brilliantly that it seemed to be lit by electricity. the web started from the base of an overturned desk lamp, floated upward to the stopped minute hand of a wall clock, and billowed back down to the top of the same

desk lamp. To Geoff, who had failed to notice it the first time he had looked in the room, the spider's web looked like a big, neon wishbone.

Well, if it was, he would the hell out of it, and wish that the damn room would clean itself.

Geoff snapped himself out of his reverie and turned on the flashlight. He lanced the beam upward, looking for the string that dangled from the naked, low-watt light bulb planted somewhere in the center of the ceiling. Finally he spotted it, hanging directly above an overturned wastebasket.

"Steve, could you--" Geoff began.

"Yeah, I got it," Steve said. He walked over to the metal trash can, stepped atop it, and pulled the string down. Too hard, as it turned out, because the string kept coming after the bulb came on, the frayed end that had been attached to the light fixture landing on Steve's right sneaker.

"Nice move, Hercules," said Geoff.

"Go to hell. At least we can see," Steve replied, righting the wastebasket and throwing the string into it. A fat, bloated grubworm had nestled itself into a dent in the rim of the wastebasket, but now it lazily slinked its way back inside the container, back to the darkness.

"Jeez, I hate bugs," Steve said, his eyes scanning the floor for any other signs of crawling activity.

Geoff didn't either, but he wasn't about to create another excuse to keep himself from doing what had to be done.

"Don't sweat it," he said, pulling a cigarette out of his shirt pocket. He didn't know what brand it was; he had seen it lying by itself on the news director's desk, and he couldn't resist. "Besides, you know you look uglier to the bugs than they do to you."

Steve's response was cut off by the high-pitched squeak of the business office's door as it swung open, and Jana's nasally cry of "Yoo-hoo, anybody home?!" carried back to them.

Geoff hated it when she yelled "yoo-hoo."

\* \* \* \* \*

Steve found the packing crate about an hour after the four had begun a serious attempt at clearing the muck out of the storeroom. Pete had brought a bunch of garbage bags with him, and the plan was to throw away anything that would fit in the plastic. He had also brought a work lamp, making it much easier to see just how disgusting the job ahead would be. Each person picked one corner to start on, and because Steve had stepped out to take a leak during the planning session, he got stuck with the messiest one. The northern corner, the one furthest away from the door, was hidden behind a seemingly impenetrable (and foul-smelling) mountain of garbage with a base that



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stretched almost to the center of the room. Steve was never one to whole-heartedly accept a challenge without first giving it a few practice tries, so he started in on the smaller refuse piles that ringed the corner.

"Man, I can't believe that so much junk could be in here after only one year," Steve complained again, tossing a handful of once-important papers into the nearest trash-bag.

"Well, you gotta remember that this area was used for over a year while we were trying to get this station together," Pete said. "I also think that the room was a mess before we ever started using it."

"Yeah, and listening to you bitch about it isn't going to make it any easier," said Geoff, "so why don't you let that cut under your nose heal."

"Get bent," Steve muttered, too overwhelmed by the work that remained to offer much argument.

By the time Steve found the crate, the quartet had filled over a dozen of the plastic bags, which were each carried out into the hall after being tightly fastened. Steve was nearly finished with his fourth one when he grabbed a piece of cardboard that was dangling out of the trash about two-thirds of the way up the pile, and pulled. It held for a moment, then gave way,

dragging with it the top half of the heap.

"Great," Steve muttered, kicking his foot half-heartedly at the freshly-fallen mess.

"Don't sweat it, there's still the same amount of trash down there as before," Geoff said from the other side of the room. "You're just gonna have to bend your lazy ass over to pick it up now, that's all."

That brought a shrill giggle from Jana's corner. "Yeah, Steve," she said, "why don't you just prop your lazy ass on that crate you just uncovered? It'll take the weight off your feet, and maybe keep you from bitching so much--"

Steve whirled to face her and began, "Look, Jana, I don't need your--"

"Hey, I wonder what's in that box?" Pete asked, walking toward Steve's corner, a ruined year-old trade magazine clutched, forgotten, in one hand.

"Ah, hell, it's probably just more junk that might have been important a year ago when we were getting this station on its feet," Geoff replied, not looking up from the bag of garbage he was clasp-ing shut.

"Yeah, maybe," Pete said, "but take a close look at it."

Geoff looked up slowly, turning his head toward the northern corner. Steve and Jana, who had been preparing to engage in a heated debate over the degree of laziness of Steve's ass, were already facing the crate.

After a second of puzzled bemusement, Steve announced, "hey, that thing looks like it's actually kinda clean."

Only the top of the crate was visible, but there was no evidence of cobwebs or dust on the wood's surface, despite the fact that it had been standing under an avalanche of dirty and mildewed rubble for who knows how long. The wood was a perfect golden brown, not warped in the slightest, even though the humidity must have reached unbearable heights in the storeroom over the long summer. It was as if every day some mysterious caretaker had come in, whose sole purpose was to keep this crate clean, to the exclusion of everything else in the room.

Pete started clearing trash from the sides of the crate. Grabbing one end, he said, "Help me get this thing out in the open."

After rechecking the fastener on the plastic bag to make sure it wouldn't spring open seconds after he walked away, Geoff joined the rest of the group. Steve and Pete had already begun sliding the crate away from the wall toward the center of the room, slicing through the clutter with little resistance.

"Damn, this thing is heavy," Steve muttered, prompting Geoff to join in the effort. After a short struggle, the crate sat in a cleared area, close to the center of the



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room. It stood nearly three feet high, and looked to be an almost perfectly-shaped cube. The entire surface of the box was untouched by the dirt and cobwebs that were everywhere else in the room, and there were no labels or markings of any kind on the crate.

"Well, aren't you going to open it?" Jana asked. "I'm kinda curious to see what's in there."

Geoff began, "Yeah, Steve, why don't you go over to the toolbox and get--"

"--the hammer, right," Steve said as he went into the office. A few seconds later he returned, the hammer dangling from his right hand. He handed it to Geoff.

"This shouldn't be too hard to get open," Geoff said, eyeing several nails that were sticking out of the crate's surface. A few minutes work with the claw end of the hammer should do the trick.

He was right; it only took a couple of minutes before he had pried off the top, revealing a sea of white styrofoam nuggets.

"Hey, don't they use these to protect something valuable when it's being shipped from one place to another?" Steve asked, looking at Pete.

Pete turned to Geoff. "Do you think this could be some piece of equipment that was forgotten about?" he asked.

Geoff shook his head. "No

way," he said. "Our equipment is too hard to get and too expensive to be forgotten."

"All right, then," said Jana, "but what is it?"

Four pairs of hands started digging through the styrofoam, adding more of a mess to a floor that had actually become noticeably cleaner. For now, the maintenance detail was forgotten.

After digging through nearly a foot of styrofoam, it was Geoff that hit paydirt, as his fingernails scratched across the smooth, hard surface of the crate's hidden treasure.

"Here it is," Geoff said, barely able to suppress his own curiosity. There was no way that the station could be missing any important piece of equipment, but maybe one of their distributors had accidentally sent them something that they hadn't ordered.

After clearing the last bits of styrofoam out of the way, the crate's mystery cargo was finally revealed.

"Well, what do you know?" Pete said. he looked at Geoff, then returned his gaze to the crate.

A circular black rubber pad stared back at the foursome. Beside it, a sleek silver tone arm was locked into place. A plastic bag containing a 45 RPM adaptor, a pair of styli, and a bundle of audio cords was attached to the record spindle. The overhead light bulb shone back at the group from the clear, plastic

cover that was locked atop the turntable, making it seem like it was staring at them with a single, piercing eyeball.

Pete reached inside the crate and tried to lift the turntable, but he could barely budge it. "Damn, this is kinda heavy," he said, looking at Geoff.

"Don't sweat it," Geoff said. "Let's me and you get this over to the studio." he placed the lid back on top of the crate, and began hammering in a couple of nails to keep it secure. "You know," he said, "this could be a blessing in disguise. You know the problems we've been having with turntable #1 in the air studio."

"No kidding," Steve said. The jocks had been complaining for weeks about it. Its pitch was all screwed up, and it had a broken speed switch (which meant it could play 33 RPM records only). Geoff had spent the last couple of days contacting retailers, trying to find the best brand for the best price. With the new discovery, however, their problem just may have been solved.

Grabbing one end of the crate, Geoff said, "Let's get this to the studio."

\* \* \* \* \*

The broadcast and production studios of WARP were located on the first floor of the university's journalism and communications building, two floors beneath the business office and its cluttered storeroom. To Geoff and



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Pete, the crate seemed to weigh a couple of hundred pounds, and they silently thanked the gods for the newly-installed elevator. After much straining and grunting, they carried the crate through the studio office (which was unusually empty for a Saturday afternoon) and into the production studio. They started toward the production table, but it was piled high with records and reels.

"Shit," muttered Geoff, "just put the thing on the floor before we break our backs."

From behind them, Steve, who had, along with Jana, followed them from the business office, said, "Hold on, I'll clear a spot for you." He squeezed past them, and began moving the records out of the way.

"Anytime tonight would be fine, sweetheart," Pete managed between clenched teeth. After what seemed like an eternity, but was only about eight seconds, Steve stepped aside, and the two hurriedly placed the crate on the table.

Pete stepped back, his breath coming in ragged gasps, and said, "Jesus Christ, I'm outta shape. There's gotta be more shit in there than one damned turntable. Turntables don't weigh two hundred pounds."

"Let's get that thing out of there," Geoff said. Shaking his head in disgust, Pete stepped back up to the crate,

and helped Geoff lift out the turntable.

Looking around, Pete asked, "Now, where are we gonna put this?"

"Steve, why don't you--" Geoff began, but Steve was already on the move toward the table. He moved the crate out of the way, but as he lifted it to put it on the floor, its corner knocked against a stack of cassettes, scattering them noisily across the table's surface.

"Steve, you incredible nincompoop--" Pete gasped, but Steve popped up quickly to clean up his mess. When he was finished, they put the turntable down, and Geoff bent to examine it.

It was remarkably similar in design to the four Technics turntables used by WARP, except that the body of the new one was twice as thick as those used by the station. However, there was something else about the new turntable that was disquieting to Geoff. He wasn't sure what it was, but there was something different about it. It would probably come to him in a moment.

From beside the crate, Pete said, "There's nothing else in here, Geoff. How could one turntable be so heavy?"

"I don't know," Geoff said absently, his mind still fixed on the station's new prize. He turned toward Steve and asked, "What's different about this turntable?"

Catching the puzzled look

on Steve's face, Geoff explained, "I mean, there's something odd about this machine, something that's not right, something--" his voice trailed off as Steve and Pete stepped forward to take a closer look.

At that moment they heard a yell from the air studio next door.

Geoff looked up, then started for the door. Mike Willard was the late Saturday afternoon jock, and it was his voice that repeated "Shit" as Geoff stepped into the air studio. Mike was leaning over turntable #1, a pen in one hand, an empty album jacket in the other. A Dead Kennedys record was on the turntable, but the sound coming out of the studio speakers did not sound very familiar. Jello Biafra's voice sounded slow and sluggish, and East Bay Ray's searing guitar dragged painfully from chord to chord.

Mike looked up. "I'm so sick of this piece of mechanical crap that I'm ready to rip it out of the damn cabinet," he spat as Geoff walked up to the dual-turntable console.

"Have you tried messing with the pitch--" Geoff began as he reached for the pitch control. When his fingers made contact with the lever, a tiny spark flew from the metal. He pulled his hand back as the turntable went dead.

"Holy Jesus, dead air," Mike exclaimed as he reached toward the cart machine, which had a couple



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station promos cued up and ready. he punched the "play" button, then turned down the studio speaker volume. "What the hell are we gonna do?" Mike asked. "We can't run this station with only one turntable."

Visions of a jock struggling to cue up a record while on the air danced in Geoff's mind. It would be too much of a hassle alternating between one turntable and the cassette player.

"This baby has had it," said Steve, who had been fooling around with the dead turntable, trying to urge it back into working order. "You and your magic touch really put the whammy on it."

Geoff looked at Mike and said, "Put something long on the cassette deck." He paused, looking around helplessly, then continued. "I better call the engineer. It looks like we're gonna have to bring in the new turntable without even testing it."

\* \* \* \* \*

Thirty minutes later, Geoff was sitting in the production room, preparing for his airshift. A stack of record albums sat on the production table, and Geoff was cleaning the stylus on one of the turntables, preparing to spot-check unfamiliar songs for any possible obscene language, false stops, or anything else that might give him problems while he was on the air.

The new turntable had been installed without any problems. The engineer, a little gnome of a man named Henry Spencer, had admitted that he was unfamiliar with a turntable of that design, and he was particularly unfamiliar with one that weighed close to two hundred pounds. Despite the oddness of the machine, it installed easily, although Henry had also echoed Geoff's observation that something was unusual about the turntable; like Geoff, Henry couldn't put his finger on what bugged him about it.

Geoff put aside the cleaning equipment and reached for an album. His airshift was in forty-five minutes, and he hadn't done a thing yet to prepare for it. Steve, Pete and Jana had gone back to the storeroom to continue the clean-up. That job wouldn't be finished for a couple of days yet. He was just glad that his upcoming airshift gave him an excuse to take a break from the work.

He looked at the album he had grabbed. Its name was "Jaws' Glory," and it was by an unconventional hardcore group called Shark Chum. the cover of the album was a still color photograph from the movie "Jaws." Roy Scheider, an actor who played a sheriff on the hunt for a great white, was pitching a shovelful of chum into the gaping mouth of the famous shark. On the reverse side, that same shark was dragging the devoured

body of Captain Quint into the ocean. Geoff was a big fan of the movies, and this was one of his favorite album covers.

Despite the fact that Geoff's shift was drawing closer, he put the Shark Chum album on the turntable, and cued up his favorite song. It was a two minute-long exercise in bad taste entitled "Telephone Pole Enema." the song was about the dangers of underage kids going out and drinking alcohol, and was supposedly based on an actual incident out East, where some teenagers were involved in an accident after purchasing beer with a fake I.D.

Geoff carefully placed the needle on the vinyl, and sat back and listened as Punkin Head's guitar slashed through the studio speakers. Gourdy flailed away on his drums while Dr. Stillborn plunked a chaotic rhythm on his bass. Geoff closed his eyes as Woody Haze's cracked voice began:

"Went downtown for a pie  
and a brew,

Took a little drive for something to do.

Brand new Camaro, got a  
babe on each arm,

Takin' 'em out to my old  
man's farm.

"Drivin' real fast, my eyes  
were a-gleam,

Drivin' so fast, I was in a  
dream,

Drivin' so fast, no time to



## CONTINUED

scream,

Two seconds later, I was gettin' reamed!

"Telephone pole enema, telephone pole enema,

Pulling splinters right outta my ass.

GTE proctology, comin' to get the best of me,

Don't blame me, I was just havin' a blast."

The door to the production room opened, and news director Frank Booth walked in. Geoff leaned over and turned the record player off, catching Punkin Head's guitar riff in mid-whine. Frank was an officious-looking fellow who always wore slacks and a tie. Geoff never did trust anyone who always wore a tie.

"Man, not that Shark Chum album again," Frank moaned. "Do you think you might be able to get through one single shift without playing something from that album?"

Geoff didn't look up. "I doubt it," he said, pulling the last cigarette from his pack and lighting it, even though it was against the rules to smoke in either of the studios. "At least, not until their next LP comes out. Then I'll play something from that album every shift."

Frank's eyes fixed on Geoff's cigarette. "Hey, that was my last Winston," he exclaimed. "I left a pack of cigarettes on my desk this

morning, and someone grabbed them while I was gone." He looked accusingly at Geoff.

Geoff shrugged half-heartedly, and said, "Hey, what was I supposed to do? I saw them lying on your desk, and I thought you didn't want them anymore." He turned his back to Frank, and pretended to adjust some dials on the production board.

"You are a true bastard," Frank muttered as he walked out of the studio. As the door closed, Frank said, "Everyone knows I'm the only one around here who smokes Winston's. I don't know why cigarette thieves are so dumb they don't pay attention to brand names."

Geoff smiled. What a dweeb, he thought, as he started toward the turntable to restart the album.

He froze mid-stretch, the smile fading from his lips. What was that he said. . ?

Geoff leapt from his chair and ran into the studio. Mike had just cued up a record on the new turntable, and was preparing to start it from the board when the record on the second turntable was finished.

"What's up, Geoff?" Mike asked, a concerned look spreading across the face.

Geoff stepped up to the new turntable.

The studio speaker suddenly went silent. The song on the other turntable had finished.

There was no brand name on the new turntable.

"Holy Jesus, dead air," Mike said, pushing the remote button to start the new turntable. Beneath his gaze, it spun to life, and Johnny Rotten's voice filled the studio.

Turntable #2 blared its Technics emblem in two different places.

"Thanks for screwing up my segue, Geoff," Mike said as he reached for his next album. "There goes my jock-of-the-week award."

Not a single word was imprinted anywhere on the turntable's surface.

"How has the new turntable performed so far?" Geoff asked, still searching the machine for some kind of identification.

"What? Oh, it's done just fine, no problem at all," Mike answered. "Excuse me, but I need to cue up the next record, and you're in the way."

Geoff looked away from the turntable slowly, then jumped aside, snapping out of his reverie. "Sorry," he mumbled, heading back to the production room.

"What was all that about, anyway?" Mike yelled after him.

Geoff stopped in the doorway. "Nothing," he said, sighing. He started laughing. "Nothing at all."

\* \* \* \* \*

"That was from the latest album by The Bar-B-Q Killers here on WARP-FM. It's five



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minutes before six o'clock, and I'm ready to get out of here. I'm glad you were able to bear with us while we were going through our technical problems, but that's life in the radio business," Mike said into the studio mike, his finger poised over the remote button for turntable #1. "I'm gonna leave you with a couple of songs from one of the great grunge groups, Happy Flowers. We'll start with 'My Frisbee Went Under the Lawn Mower,' and continue with 'I Saw My Picture on a Milk Carton.' Hope you enjoy them."

Mike started the turntable, and the studio was filled with chaotic guitar grunge, courtesy of Mr. Anus of the Flowers. Mike removed his headphones, and turned to Geoff. "You're on," he said as he got out of the jock's chair.

Geoff settled in, and cued up the first EP by The Butthole Surfers. "Wichita Cathedral" was Geoff's favorite song on the record, not counting the two or three classics like "The Shah Sleeps in Lee Harvey's Grave," which contain too many obscenities to be played even on an alternative radio station.

When the second Happy Flowers song ended five minutes later, Geoff turned on the mike.

"That was Happy Flowers here on WARP-FM. I'm Geoff, and I'm here for the next three

hours to bring you the best in alternative music. It's six on the nose, and I'm gonna start the hour with a classic from The Butthole Surfers, "Wichita Cathedral."

Geoff started the album, then swiveled toward the turntables. He removed the Happy Flowers disc from the new turntable, which Geoff had dubbed The Unbrand since his earlier discovery, and replaced it with "Jaws' Glory."

As Geoff bent closer to The Unbrand to cue up "Telephone Pole Enema," he noticed that a wisp of hair or cotton was stuck to the needle. He reached his finger toward the stylus to flick it off, knowing he should use the cleaning equipment instead of his dirty ol' finger.

On the other turntable, "Wichita Cathedral" skipped suddenly, sending a violent pop through the airwaves.

"Great," Geoff muttered, hoping that one of his favorite records wasn't permanently damaged. He reached again to swipe the piece of dirt from the needle.

"Hey, Geoff, what's going on?" Steve said as he walked into the studio.

Geoff looked up, his finger still poised short of The Unbrand's needle. "Aren't you supposed to be cleaning the storeroom?" he asked.

"Some more people showed up, so I decided to take a break," Steve answered. "Hey, I don't suppose you can play--"

"Later," said Geoff, turning toward the turntables, "I gotta





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clean this needle, and cue my next record."

He reached again for the stylus, and quickly flicked the debris from it. He placed the tonearm over the record, and cued the song. He then quickly loaded the next station I.D. into the cart machine, and turned toward the board, pausing to look again at The Unbrand to make sure he had the speed button set correctly.

The wisp of cotton was lying on the record vinyl. He still had about a minute before "Wichita Cathedral" was over, so he lifted the tonearm off the record and placed it back in its cradle. Geoff grabbed a Discwasher and quickly wiped the record clean. He lifted "Jaws' Glory" from The Unbrand and held it up to the light to make sure it was clean. He then reached for the tonearm, still holding the record in his left hand.

The tonearm jumped suddenly from its cradle. Geoff stuck out his forefinger to catch the needle before it dug into the turntable pad. The tonearm jerked downward with lightning speed, and the needle sunk into the flesh of Geoff's finger.

"Hey," Geoff yelled, jerking his hand away. The tonearm popped back into the air, and settled back into its cradle. Geoff looked at his finger. A single dot of blood stood in the center of his fingertip. Geoff licked it away,

and looked at The Unbrand.

A single red bloodstain glared at him from the turntable's black rubber pad. Geoff turned to get a rag to wipe away the stain so he could recue "Jaws' Glory."

The 'Unbrand suddenly clicked on, and the turntable started spinning. Geoff simply stared at it, a look of surprise on his face. The turntable was rotating faster and faster, the blood spot turning into a bright red moon orbiting around the record spindle. Wisps of smoke began to rise from the bloodstain.

"My God, what am I seeing?" Geoff whispered.

"Wichita Cathedral" stopped cold on the other turntable. There were a couple of seconds of dead air, and then "Suicide" kicked in. Geoff was oblivious. The Unbrand spun on.

Steve sauntered back into the studio. "Hey, dude, you missed your segue," he said mockingly. "I thought station managers weren't supposed to make mistakes on the air."

Geoff didn't respond. He was still staring at the turntable, which was now slowing to a stop. The smoke had dissipated as quickly as it had appeared, and even though the turntable was still spinning lazily, Geoff could see that the bloodstain was gone. There wasn't a trace of it anywhere on the turntable pad.

"Hey, Geoff, you all right?" Steve asked, his mocking expression gone.

"Yeah," Geoff answered slowly. He turned to look at Steve. "Did you see what I just saw?" he asked.

Steve's usual bored expression was replaced by one of bored puzzlement. He answered Geoff's question with another one. "See what?"

Geoff hesitated for a moment, then shrugged. "Aw, never mind," he said, turning again toward The Unbrand. "I think our new turntable hates me. It just took a bite out of my finger."

"What are you talking about?" Steve asked.

"Never mind," Geoff repeated. After making absolutely sure that the stain was off the pad, he placed "Jaws' Glory" on The Unbrand and cued it up again, handling the tonearm gingerly.

"Oh, no, not Shark Chum again," Steve moaned, wincing in exaggeration. "When are you gonna grow out of that juvenile hardcore crap, anyway?"

"When you cut that ratty-looking mop of hair dangling down around your head," Geoff mumbled without looking at Steve.

"Never," Steve said as he exited the air studio.

"Suicide" was nearly over, and Geoff waited by the remote, ready to kick The Unbrand into life. He looked at the new turntable, but there was no evidence that the machine had done anything out of the ordinary. The tonearm sat motionless atop



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the record vinyl, its needle resting innocently in the groove of "Telephone Pole Enema." The speed was set at 33 RPM, and the pitch control was at normal. Everything was ready to go.

"Suicide" ended abruptly, and Geoff started The Unbrand.

Punkin Head's guitar slashed its distinctive voice through the speakers, again fronting the rhythm section's manic backbeat. Geoff knew he didn't have much time to cue the next record, but he still wanted to listen to the first few seconds of the song. Woody's poor excuse for a voice joined in the fracas.

"Went downtown for a pie and a brew,

Just out lookin' for something to do.

Brand new Camaro--"

Geoff straightened up in his chair. He stared intently at the spinning record.

--got a babe on each arm,  
Takin' 'em out, ain't gonna do 'em no harm."

The lyrics were different. Woody wasn't singing the same words. Geoff's mouth hung open, any thoughts of cueing the next record wiped away by the station's newest mechanical treasure.

"Drivin' real fast, I was in a dream,

Drivin' so fast, no time to scream,

Drivin' so fast, I think I goofed,

Two seconds later, I was gettin' boofed."

Geoff laughed in spite of himself. It was a funny line, but it wasn't supposed to be in the song.

"Telephone pole enema, telephone pole enema,

GTE proctology, comin' to get the best of me.

Telephone pole enema, telephone pole enema,

Sigmoidoscopy, that's for me!"

The door to the air studio opened as Geoff laughed again, and Steve poked his head in. "Hey, Jana wants to know where you found this version of 'Telephone Pole Enema,'" he said. "She says she's never heard the ol' Woodman sing it that way before."

Geoff answered without skipping a beat. "I got it on a foreign import," he lied.

"Oh," Steve muttered, already heading back to the

storeroom. his voice trailed back toward Geoff, who continued to stare at The Unbrand. "Don't forget to cue up your next song, numbnuts. No one wants to hear another Shark Chum song."

Go to hell, Geoff thought. I'm going to listen to see if any of the other songs are screwed up. "Fries With That?" was next, and Geoff was going to see if that song was any different than it should be.

"Telephone Pole Enema" came to a crashing halt, as usual, with Woody screaming the song title, and Geoff waited for Gourdy's drum thrash that would signal the beginning of "Fries With That?"

When the slow, loopy drawl of a harmonica came over the speakers, all Geoff could do was stare at The Unbrand, and wonder just what the hell he and Pete had brought into WARP-FM.

The conclusion to "The Unbrand" will appear in this summer's edition of "Rifle Comix." Stay tuned, chili dogs.



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